editors in chief
DORI MOSMAN
MILES SHEPARD

art director
CLANCY O'CONNOR

publisher
IRIS KITTLESON

managing editor
ANNALEE NOCK

design & layout directors
TRICIA KNOPE
ELI ROTH

multimedia director
ANNA BALDWIN

cover art
ZANE BJORGE

writers
ANNALEE NOCK, BIANCA SANDOVAL, BILLY KING, BOBBY SCHENK, DAGNY DANIEL, DORI MOSMAN, IRIS KITTLESON, JUSTICE JOHNSON, MADDY JONES, MILES SHEPARD, PATRICK DUNHAM, SHAE WIRTH, TAYLOR GRIGGS, ZEEYA ASPANDIAR

artists
ANNA BALDWIN, ANNALEE NOCK, CLANCY O'CONNOR, ELI ROTH, FIONA DE LOS RIOS, LANEATE VANG, MIRANDA CAVGNARO, MIRA ZIMMERMAN, TRICA KNOPE,

content warnings—
This issue deals with content that may be sensitive to some readers. Sexual violence and some graphic descriptions of kink activity are topics found throughout the issue, generally corresponding with the table of contents. Page 19, titled, "kink playlist," features a photo of blood that may be distressing for some folks. Read what you are comfortable with and take care!

Patti Smith says, "life is an adventure of our own design, intersected by fate in a series of lucky and unlucky accidents." University of Oregon president Michael Schill says the University is a camel's nose under the tent of national higher education. An old German proverb translates to "the devil's favorite piece of furniture is the long bench." The weight of these proverbs have meant a lot to me recently--maybe the kink issue can reconcile them. The more I interrogate kink, the more otherworldly nonkinky practices seem. Kissing is flat out strange, holding hands is sweet but still kind of weird when you look at fingers interlaced, do we even need to talk about promise rings? The vanilla world doesn't make a lot of sense. Let's be confused together, please enjoy.

I would also like to use this space of immediate attention to inform readers that as of today, November 16th, the University of Oregon administration has yet to adequately and transparently address any of the demands made by a group of concerned community members on October 6th, 2017 at the "State of Reality" demonstration, and is actively charging them with student conduct violations for protest and dissent.

Miles

Yesterday I looked over my shoulder at the merry band of OV staffsters trying to get this show on the road and I said, "It's funny that we're just, like, doing this." Which it is. And we are. Last year's editors reassured me that they had no idea what they were doing while they were doing it and apparently they'd heard the same from ye editors of yore, so I guess it's an OV tradition. Maybe the tagline on the back cover of this magazine should say "Oregon Voice: just fucking winging it since 1989." And yet here it is. Here we are. We owe so much to the people who started this magazine and the people who resurrected it from obscurity and the people who write and draw and paint and come to meetings and wait patiently for us to get our shit together because they think, for whatever reason, for a lot of reasons, that there's something worth sticking around for in the Oregon Voice. I don't ever let my parents read this magazine but if they did they would really hate it. Dig in.

Dori

CONTENTS

4 reviews
6 modules for consent
7 rats
8 as you like it
12 the world of kinksters/blackbird
13 interview with a camgirl
14 history of the word cuck
15 CBT
18 poetry
19 kink playlist
20 activities page
21 vampire erotica
24 self-help
25 overheards
26 a tinder experiment
28 advice
29 campus homie
30 horoscopes
31 respectrum
32 check in with daddy

art LANEATE VANG

Reviews Reviews Re

BROCKHAMPTON at WOW Hall on 9/29

On a stage filled with his contemporaries, Kevin Abstract can't help but stand out. Lines like "He gave me good head, peeping out while the windows tinted" and "I do the most for the culture n**** by just existing" tend to achieve such clout. These sentiments, along with a diverse cast of characters and a dominant work ethic, have propelled BROCKHAMPTON, an L.A based boy band formed by Kevin Abstract in 2015, to become one of the more surprising acts to break through this year.

While BROCKHAMPTION's inception and background have been incessantly used as music blog fodder to describe the group's unusual dynamic, it is worth mentioning some of the more key dynamics that exist within the band. BROCKHAMPTON includes both Black and White, Queer and straight members whose contributions range from rapper, producer, and singer to art director, designer, and web developer. They release all their music independently, shoot all their music videos themselves and only rely on in-house production to which most members contribute. As rap music becomes increasingly DIY, BROCKHAMPTON thrives.

BROCKHAMPTON's best moments live came while performing material that dealt with personal strife. Kevin is an out Gay Black man trying to make it in the rap game, making bars like "why you always rap about being' Gay" "because not enough n***** rap and be gay" feel like a tiny window into his world. This level of intimacy extends beyond Kevin Abstract, Dom Mclennon has been very open about his struggle with self harm while Ameer Vann hints at a past of drugs, mental illness, and parole officers. It is through this intimacy and willingness to confront complex emotion that BROCKHAMPTON challenges stereotypes around male masculinity and identity. As Kevin and his band of boys left the stage, I couldn't help but want more.

words **SHAE WIRTH**

Milky Chance at the Crystal Ballroom 10/22

Milky Chance, the german electronic-folk duo, brought a compelling and genre bending performance through Clemens Rehbein's crooning, raspy and unique vocals, mesmerizing guitar riffs and engaging stage presence on the Portland stop of their Blossom Tour. Their sophomore album Blossom had high expectations after the surprising international sensation of Sadnecessary, but the group rose to the occasion and incorporated the sun drenched melodies of their first album into Blossom while still pushing the boundaries of their music into new territories. The band is obviously comfortable and carefree onstage, engaging with the audience plenty and incorporating improvisational harmonica and acoustic covers into the set. Each song was accompanied by a mesmerizing light show that perfectly matches Milky Chance's lighthearted and mesmerizing appeal. The first half of the show was primarily from their new album, "Blossom", which was released in March of 2017. The crowd warmed up as the set went on, finally exploding into grooving and jumping as "Stolen Dance" was played as the encore.

words **IRIS KITTLESON**

Reviews Reviews Reviews Review

eviews

Jesus & Mary Chain at the HiFi Music Hall 10/24

In his recent Pitchfork interview promoting Jesus and Mary Chain's new material after two decades hiatus, frontman Jim Reid remarked that "people seemed more interested in listening to bands that sounded like the Mary Chain, but nobody seemed to be more interested in the people from the Mary Chain, you know?" I'm unclear on whether or not thinking about the members from Jesus and Mary Chain is a worthwhile expenditure of a non-dedicated fan's time (or if the thirty five dollar tickets to the HiFi Music Hall are worth it, but the show kicked ass and was a dope birthday present, s/o to my girlfriend). It does seem to be the case in the music world, particularly for shoegaze fans, that attention is generously given to bands inspired by JAMC (Slowdive, My Bloody Valentine, Ride), but rarely awarded to the originators of the genre themselves. By the same token, "Just Like Honey," which arguably became the template for all shoegaze after the fact, barely scrapes the surface of where their sound can and does go.

They launched into the classics that made them famous in the first place--verse-chorus-verse songs filled with pop and noise and not much else, replicated perfectly from their records. They moved onto their new material which was about as engaging as a new record from a twenty year hiatus can be. The show seemed pretty standard, likely the exact same note-for-note experience as the night before in San Francisco, finishing up with "Just Like Honey" as expected. It wasn't until their last song, "Reverence," that something came to life truly giving value to investigating the "people from the Mary Chain." From the top of his lungs Jim Reid screamed, "I wanna die just like Jesus Christ / I wanna die on a bed of spikes / I wanna die just like JFK / I wanna die on a sunny day," Reid's thinning hair was far surpassed by his brooding eyes, capturing the youthful rage that filled up their noise. The two encores leading up to this point were worth it: there is indeed something to be concerned about with Jesus and Mary Chain, and it's not just the sweet hair + noise combo.

words **MILES SHEPARD**
art **FIONA DE LOS RIOS**

MODULES FOR CONSENT

Kink can be defined as: **WAIT.**

Before we delve deep into the sweaty, colorful, messy, and chaotic realm that is human sexuality, it is essential to understand what **CONSENT** is and why it is necessary in our interactions with sexual partners or people we are just bumping uglies with. **CONSENT** is mutually agreeing to participate in any (sexual) activity with someone(s). It is always clear, given freely without pressure or guilt, specific, active, stoppable and enthusiastic. It feels like a few of the examples of **CONSENT** given to people, (especially students) are vague, heteronormative, impractical and even robotic at times. This sometimes makes it a little uncomfortable to ask to engage with someone's ding dang or whomst-haw when you actually get to that moment. Here are some examples of verbal consent at different levels of interaction that might feel comfortable to you:

- "Do you want to make out with me?"

If no, **STOP.**

If yes, have fun, and be respectful. If things change, feel free to ask:

- "Do you like this? Is this okay? Is there anything you want me to do?"

If no, **STOP.**

If yes, have fun, and be respectful. If things progress, feel free to ask:

- " Would you mind helping me with my shirt? My arms are really tired "

If no, **STOP.**

If yes, have fun, and be respectful. Always feel free to ask any questions if things change or you feel a difference in the mood. Asking people what they want, often lets you give them just that, ultimately making both people happier and more satisfied in the end of the interaction. If your partner and you are comfortable, be creative with it. Try asking in innovative ways, like "Hey, am I a Holarctic Wildfowl anticipating the arrival of a harsh winter season? Because with your consent, I would like to migrate south." Being comfortable and communicating well are essential in sexual interactions. The more diverse, interesting and/or complex the sexual act is, the more critical it is to have discussed beforehand in depth about what everyone wants, and doesn't want. Kink can become pretty technical, and complex (physically, logistically, and emotionally) so **CONSENT** is woven into the fabric of any healthy practice of kinkiness.

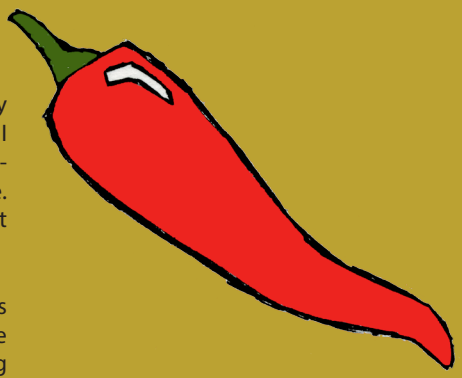
I think it's about that time where I ask myself a bad rhetorical question and attempt to answer it anyways, in order to move forward because I am lazy and transitions between topics are hard. Maybe something like, "what the heck is kink?" Ooh... Good. Nice. Solid.

SO what exactly is kink?
Kink can be defined as anything outside the "vanilla" tastes of "normal", ranging from anything from spanking, to roleplay, to BDSM, to wanting incredibly tall people to squeeze you and humiliate you, to having a thing for armpits. Our lives are incredibly absurd and we live painful, short existences, so get weird with it, if you want to. Accepting that and not judging ourselves for our sexual tastes can be a very liberating experience. I find it helpful to think of kink as a practice in self acceptance and honesty with partners. As long as there are two (or more) **CONSENTING** adults, people's sexual "deviancy" is just a reflection to the nonsensical world we exist in.

REVIEW SECTION
Ask first, then get weird.

words **JUSTICE JOHNSON**

RATS



@ the peak of vermin cuffing season, two honeymoon-phase rats chewed into my house and started fucking and shitting in my closet with wild abandon. Naturally I washed every article of clothing I own and subsequently covered every visible surface in my room with cayenne pepper. It has been said that rats do not like cayenne. This morning, I was getting ready for class and like wow! I'm wearing my favorite shirt for Thursdays and my lucky underwear at the same time, what are the odds!

Biking to school wind in my hair--good morning squirrels good morning angry drivers good morning world! Walk into class and all of a sudden it's like somebody casts the Cruciatis curse on my b-hole--searing, blinding, neverending electrical fire spreading in every direction and destroying everything in its path. I was thinking holy fuck I'm in a bible study class and my genitals are frying from cayenne pepper in my lucky underwear: it's not like i can just tell somebody to relay message to the prof that I have to dip out to buy a milk carton to pour on my torched genitalia.

All the while I haven't scoped it with my eyes, so I'm just feeling like a movie when somebody's flesh just straight up dies, think when Emperor Palpatine's face gets fucked up by Mace Windu or Dumbledore's hand after he wears the poison ring for too long. I biked home (you would think after awhile you would lose all feeling but truly! There is no end to human suffering and that's the most important life lesson), then showered for a half hour, everything down there splotches of firetruck red looking like a medieval illustration of what happens to sinners (reminder: I did skip a bible study class), then tried to embrace the fact that I basically turned myself into a bizarre spicy fried food. Once I was able to reduce the my-flesh-is-cooking feeling to a sensation I can only describe as feeling like pissing lava and shitting blood at the same time but neither are actually coming out of either burnt hole, I biked back to school then ran over a fucking dead rat, flies eating its eyeballs and shit I'm fucking done. rats 1 miles 0

words **MILES SHEPARD**
art **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**

As You Like It

Gail Karuna-Vetter is the manager of As You Like It, the eco-friendly sex shop in Eugene. I sat down with Gail to talk about the shop, kinks, psychology, and safety.

CW: violent sexual imagery

"As You Like It is a really different kind of store," says Karuna-Vetter. "It's like a boutique that happens to carry adult toys. It's very non-threatening… you want to feel safe while shopping. We try to walk that fine line between introducing people to sexually charged concepts without creating a sexually charged environment." As You Like It is designed to be somewhere that people can get information from trained professionals, rather than whoever happens to be working the counter. As You Like It frequently sponsors kink and sexual health workshops and has pulled some big names in the sex education and sex work industry, including Nina Hartley, Buck Angel, and Janet Hardy, author of *The Ethical Slut* and friend of the shop.

"Personally, I was in college when I was first introduced to the idea of kink," says Gail, now age 50. "It was all very terrifying and fascinating. We were the first generation to have to deal with the AIDS epidemic. So, people were dying, which put a very different spin on what it meant to be a gay activist on campus." Karuna-Vetter self-identifies as bisexual and notes that when she first came out as a queer person, "we didn't have an evolved understanding of gender at the time. Our understanding was that we were pushing the edges of what it meant to be men and women. Now we understand that those binaries are really limiting and that human expression is actually much broader than just two options." She says her sexual journey has been marked by not being allowed to think about things; she didn't consider her sexuality until her first serious boyfriend asked if she might be a lesbian. She was pretty sheltered, so the idea of exploring whether she had a sexual attraction to women had never occurred to her. Because of her own journey, she sees meaning in allowing people to explore their feelings in a safe space.

This led us into the topic on everyone's minds: kink! In college, Gail attended a workshop called "Introduction to Kink." It was there that she began to learn about the physiology of human brains; how our pain and pleasure centers are located next to one another and even overlap. Gail reflect that, "The leader of this workshop said to the audience, 'There are no unrealizable kinks.' I thought: Oh, well that's an amazing thing to say! I didn't say anything, but this one guy (it's usually a guy, I hate to stereotype, but there's always someone who's gotta push back) shot his hand up and said, 'I have an unrealizable kink! I want to skin a woman alive.' And the educator, without missing a beat, looked him dead in the eye and said, 'Peel her sunburn. Next question.' And this showed me that you can have horrifying ideas and manifest them in totally safe ways! The key here is not to embolden our monster-selves, but to allow them a safe playground. When things are suppressed, when we have shame, it creates a feedback loop that brings us to a dark place. So, that's what kink is all about: how can I consensually, safely exercise these darker, more complex parts of my psyche and continue to feel good about myself as a person, even while I'm having these thoughts that society is telling me are inappropriate." She noted that people often are curious to know where kinks come from, but, to her, it is much more important to find a safe, healthy way to express them than to figure out why you have them.

Upcoming event:

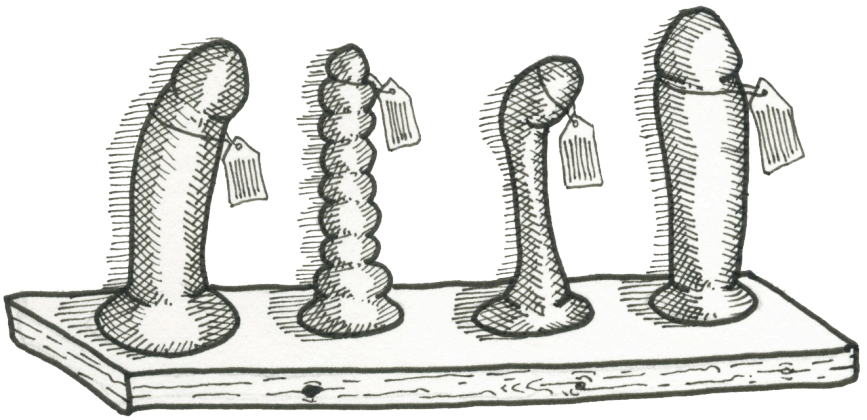
Sensation Play Workshop

at As You Like It, December 11th. Limited seats, $15 presale, $20 at the door.

"So, that's what kink is all about: how can I consensually, safely exercise these darker, more complex parts of my psyche and continue to feel good about myself as a person, even while I'm having these thoughts that society is telling me are inappropriate."

words DAGNY DANIEL

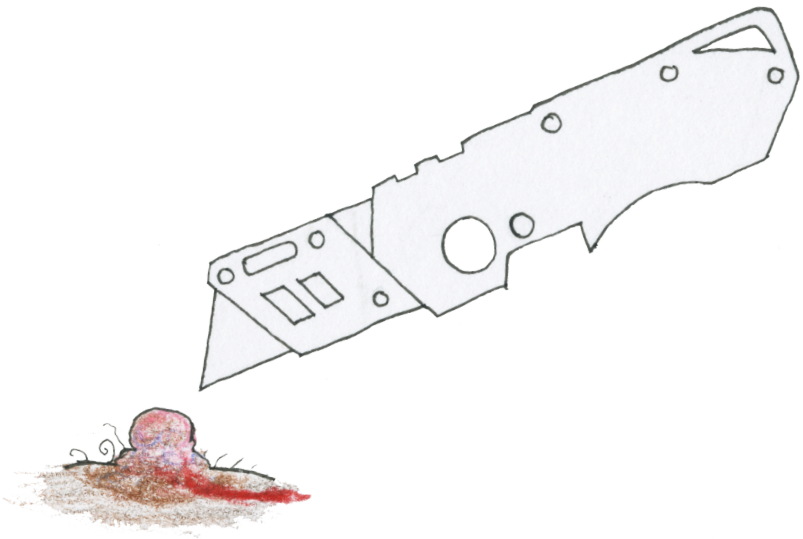
art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**



"When I get folks in the store who are judgmental or unsure, I will ask them how they feel about spicy food. If they like spicy food, I will tell them that some people like that spicy feeling in different parts of their body"

When I asked what advice Gail has to offer those interested in kinks, she really encouraged reading. "Reading isn't terribly popular these days. Everyone wants to see a video, which is fine, I'm not anti-porn. But, our brain processes information differently when it comes to our eyes as an image than when it comes into our language center as written word. You have more control when you're reading something than when you're watching; when you're watching, it goes at a set pace and you just have to follow. When you're reading something, you can pause. You can get to a place that's challenging and stop to check in with your body. The other excellent advice the instructor I mentioned before gave during Intro to Kink, when I was a baby kinkster, was 'listen to your body.' Well, what she actually told the person in the audience was, 'listen to your pussy!' No matter if you have a pussy or a cock or something in between, your body will tell you what you're into. If you're reading a story and you don't have an emotional connection to it but you're getting aroused, that's something to pay attention to." She used herself as an example. "I read a story about a gang rape by police officers. Now, I'm no fan of authority figures. But, for some reason this story was turning me on, so I had to ask myself, what part of it was arousing to me? I finally figured out that it was not the cops, it was not the gang bang, but it was the vulnerability. Feeling vulnerable is often very erotic for people. One of the things that appeals to people who are into restriction and bondage of all kinds, be it handkerchiefs or steel shackles, is that being bound gives them permission to experience pleasure. If you are tied up, you 'can't' (quote, unquote) resist. I 'must' submit to this terrible thing that I actually really want to do but that my own judgment prevents me from engaging with until I'm given permission by being restrained. Now, it is like 'I couldn't possibly resist you,' even though we both know that if I asked to be untied it would happen instantly. So, recognizing that the helplessness was erotic for me gave me a window into my own needs and desires. And this came from reading erotica that I didn't like. Sometimes it is the more challenging things that we read that challenge our intellect. Our bodies don't judge, our bodies just respond."

I next asked Gail what advice she would give people who are judgmental of kinks. Her tactic is to give examples of other ways in which we experience similar sensations. "When I get folks in the store who are judgmental or unsure, I will ask them how they feel about spicy food. If they like spicy food, I will tell them that some people like that spicy feeling in different parts of their body, like, say, their tush. And a little light goes off! Spanking is kind of like chili because both are tickling



pain and pleasure centers overlap. Or, I will ask people how they feel about roller coasters or scary movies. For the people who do like these things, I tell them that it seems like they enjoy the sensation of feeling frightened when you know you're perfectly safe. That's what bondage is about, that's what scary imaging is about. That adrenaline is really fun. And the goal of kink should be fun."

Gail then informed me about the complex power dynamics involved in kink. "You can have a top and a bottom, a dom and a sub, or a giver and a receiver. These are all three different intensity levels with which to engage in power. In a giver/receiver situation, everybody is on the same level. It's just about wanting to experience a feeling. For a top/bottom dynamic, the top is the director and the bottom is more passive. Dom/sub, the dom is in control and the sub gives that control as part of play. With all of these, it is about how much power is being exchanged, not how much power each person has. A person who identifies as a bottom or a sub or a receiver is never a person without power. If they are, it is not going to work because you cannot exchange power if you have no power to give. This is a really common mistake that new people in the [kink] scene will make. They think that if they want to receive or be submissive, that means they should enter into play with no power. That is a problem with most tops or doms because it is not fun at all to dominate someone who has no power. They have nothing to offer, they're basically saying, 'I would like you to gift me your time and energy but I have nothing for you.' That's not a power exchange. This is very different from someone who says, 'I will agree to obey you because it's what I want and it's what you want.' That's a power exchange. Nobody is being exploited or pushed beyond their limits. There is this mythology that says that the receiver has less value, input, and power." None of those are true, she stressed. Those who identify as receivers have just as much power to give away. She mentioned the importance of safe words, active and ongoing consent, and eroticized check-ins to help ensure that everyone is on the same page.

Karuna-Vetter recognizes that there is a certain amount of risk involved in practicing kink. It is easy to make mistakes. "A dom can accidentally go too far or not notice shifts in their partner's behavior just as a sub can accidentally forget where their autonomy lies in trying to be a 'good sub.' It's important to learn about these things. People on both sides need to be comfortable enough to share when they need a break and not worry about disappointing." For this reason, she recommends each person using two safe words: yellow and red. Yellow for situations in which something needs to be changed or the person needs a break, and red for full stop right then and there. She believes that, "the most important thing to learn about all of this play is that our biggest sex organ is our brain. Your perception is what makes anything hot." This is what can make a flogger seem so much more intense and scary, when in reality, an open palm can create more intense impact.

Gail emphasized the need to have strong boundaries when participating in kink. "We have to accept that there is a certain amount of imagination needed for this kind of play." Anyone who desires to participate in the kink scene or play with their partner/s needs to be okay with boundaries (their own included) and be okay with being told no. "If we ask a question and no is not an acceptable answer, we have not asked a question. We have made a demand that we've raised in the form of a question. If you can't be okay with a 'no' prior to a scene, you are not going to be okay with a 'no' if it comes up in the middle of a scene, and that means you are not ready to play." That being said, Karuna-Vetter told me that curious people should join FETLIFE.COM (which she lovingly terms the "world's most awkward Facebook"). Here, you can find information about the Eugene/Springfield kink scene. The first step for any interested person is to attend a "munch," which is a non-sexual, non-pickup meeting between kinksters that happens in public one or two times monthly. It is here that experienced people in the scene meet over coffee and are available to newbies with questions or those interested in potentially getting involved in the kink scene. It is not somewhere people look for partners, it is a non-sexually charged environment for kinksters to ask questions and get connected. Munchs also serve as a sort of interview process for new people to the scene — you cannot simply log onto fetlife.com and find the locations of play

art **ANNA BALDWIN**

"Those who identify as receivers have just as much power to give away."

parties. Instead, you have to make yourself known in the community as someone who is there with good intentions before you gain access to the scene.

I asked Gail to leave me with her best advice for college students about sex and kinks. She said, "We live in a world terrified of bodies. We are terrified of intimacy and sexuality. Our society teaches us a lot of things that are not authentic to our human experience. It teaches us shame, fear, and that to be wrong is to be a failure. Those things are all issues we have to deal with in our own hearts before we can safely engage in kink. We have to be certain in our center before we can play around the edges. We are all going to make mistakes but we need to be in a mindset where that is something to embrace. If you are a new person exploring something you're unsure of and you realize it's not something you want to do, it needs to be a celebration. Self-judgment doesn't help us but self-assessment does." In a closing remark, Karuna-Vetter brought up the Golden Rule. "The Golden Rule (treat others the way you want to be treated) isn't good enough for kink. For kink, we need the Platinum Rule: treat others the way they would like to be treated." In order to use this rule, we must be effective communicators.

Portrait of the World of Kinksters

Over the years, I've met a lot of people. Those people decided to open up to me about all the ways they like to be felt up, sucked on, kissed, and other fun unmentionables. Why me? Was it because I looked alternative enough to "get it"? I will never know, but I appreciate it I guess?

Daniel, the guy I met at a party in high school: "I like diapers because it feels really nice when I sit down, like a pillow. I mean, yeah it's hot getting it changed but I have layers okay?"

Lauren, friend I've known for five years: "My boyfriend pretends he's my daddy, right? So I'm like a baby girl and I get an excuse to wear cute socks with lace on them. It's fun dude, it's like being more girly than I ever was allowed to be. Plus Evan is like *super* into me acting like I'm five, guess it's a comfort thing for me too?"

Courtney, my neighbor who I used to get beer and weed from: "There's just something about not seeing, hearing, or even able to breathe. Latex makes things so restricting, it's being unable to really feel anything except what's in you that makes my adrenaline even higher. Movie Spock couldn't handle that shit man. Of course you need to be tied up, it's like a duh thing but you'd be surprised how much I gotta ask."

Jake, guy I dated for 4 months: "So I hooked up with my friend once and she pulls out this boxcutter, licks it and then cuts my chest with it. At first I'm freaking out but it felt really nice? Anyway wanna try it?"

Lorena, my sex worker friend: "I had a dude who liked feet stuff, but I really remember this dude who wanted me to laugh every time he tried to fuck me. I had no idea why but I guess it was a humiliation thing? Whatever man, he didn't try to haggle like most dudes so I didn't care. I don't think anyone tries to hurt us or that kind of stuff. I never heard of it. Except one dude wanted Mimi to crush his balls with her heels."

Brian, OkCupid dude: "Cleopatra would bring her soldiers out to her, and she would crush their balls as a way to establish she was a leader. Please show me Aztec Queen."

Derek, my stalker who persisted for three years: "Please be my mistress Lady Bianca, I'll be your neko maid," with the goal of collecting the ultimate anime harem, of which I would be the mistress, obviously.

Brian, a Tinder match: "I like inflation, I like the idea of having sex with a girl and my dick growing so big it tears her insides. I want to keep growing bigger and bigger and her boobs growing bigger. I know it'll never really happen but I just want someone to let me grow inside them."

Sometimes, navigating the weird and awkward world of dating in your 20s can really take a lot out of you. Have hope! Your weird freaky kinks are nothing to be ashamed of, so put on that ball gag and sign up for FetLife!

words **BIANCA SANDOVAL**

Blackbird

Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
Ass to ass
Bust to bust

I was tired of the sweet
The sit, stay, roll over!
The noxious fumes of extracts
Songs of hearts wrapped in clover

So, I purchased fur coats
To bang like beasts
O-woooo! together at the apex
And later, weep over receipts

Busy like bees:
Produce wax models of my feet
And I'll unsheath caricatures
Of your premium meat

But this is about something else
Something we haven't seen before.
You know, before now, I didn't think
I could make it out alive

Cupid's chokehold has found me faith
Grovelling, hands and knees, submissive
I finally pray. On the daily.

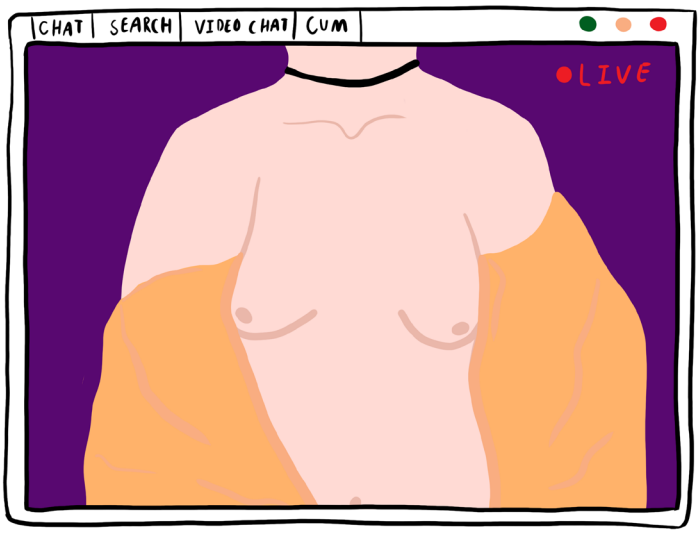
For once, in someone's image
(I'm just unsure who's)
I experience an ecstasy
I want to sing love songs with you andRin-
go

Strapped to a bed,
Eyes sunken under fabric
I have learned to feel
my way through the dark

With the crack of a whip
And a tightening grip

All this life,
I have only waited
For this moment
To be free.

words **Anonymous**



interview with a cam girl

words **YANA McCLINTON**
art: **LANEATE VANG**

Q: What is camming?

Camming, in a nutshell, is broadcasting yourself engaging in sexual things on the internet in exchange for "tips" (money). These "sexual things" can range from simply sucking on your finger fully clothed to fully naked masturbating and orgasming on camera. You are in charge of how far you go.

Q: How has camming/sex work helped you?

Camming has done a lot for me. First of all, the money, of course. I am paying for college to become a teacher out of pocket with no help from anywhere. No financial aid, grants, scholarships, or family members. I always thought I'd have massive amounts of student debt, especially since I used to work at Subway for $9.25/hr. I even considered not going to school because of this, as many probably do. Camming starts at an average of about 20$/hr I read once, but some tip girls make up to 10k per week. I sit in the middle of that, making around $30-100/hr, depending on the day. Being able to pay for college is amazing, because now I'm able to work on my future career of being a teacher (not too sure what kind yet) without the stress of money.

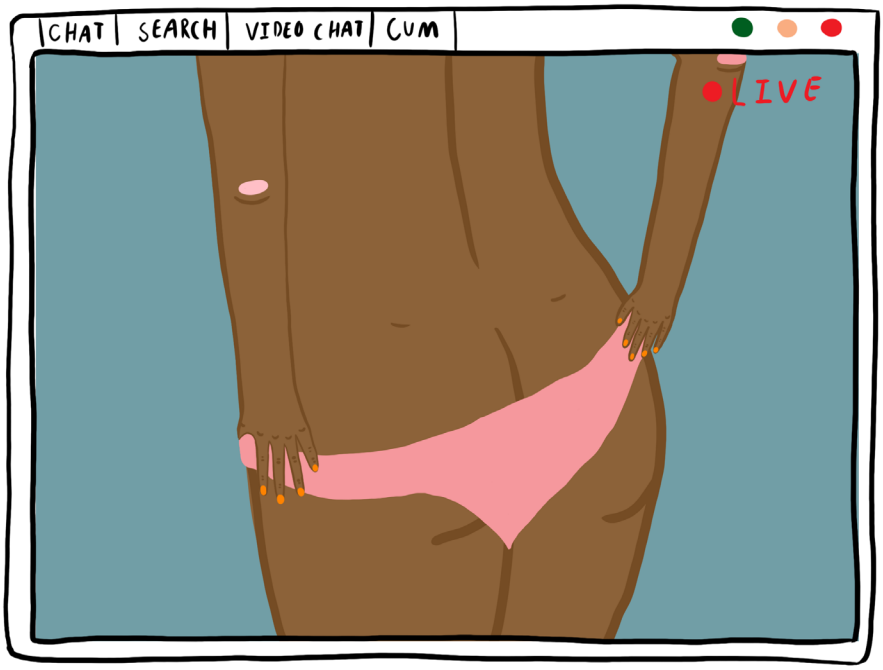
Secondly, being self-employed comes with the benefit of setting your own hours. I can work whenever I want, which is nice with a school schedule. I create my work schedule around my life and school rather than creating my life and school around my work like most people do. If I want to take the weekend off, I can do it. Spontaneous vacation? I can do it. Feeling sick or shitty and wanna take the day off? I can do it. That really benefits me and my mental health. Of course, you have to have a lot of self motivation because taking too many days off can be tempting. You have to be committed and that's why a lot of people quit, because it's too hard for them to manage themselves. I only work 3-4 times a week, so I find it pretty easy to get myself to do it.

Last but not least, camming has really helped me learn about my own sexuality and it's opened my eyes about self-acceptance and the camming community. I've realized that self respect comes from within, and is individual to each person. Some people say "omg, I could *never* do sex work, [sex workers] have *no* self-respect." That's a reflection of *that* person.

For *them* to do sex work would be disrespecting themselves because it's not within their boundaries for themselves. My boundary is different: I'm ok with my work and even love it. I have learned a lot about my sexuality and kinks: the stuff I like, don't like, etc. Camming has helped me explore that side of myself. I am a lot more open about my body and sexuality and nudity in general now. I was before, but camming has really opened me up. I think nudity should be celebrated more and not be so taboo. All my friends know I cam, and we've all seen each other naked. This work has shown me how accepting my friends are and how much our values align. I don't want to be friends with anyone who negatively judges me for this, so I'm not! Thankfully, I haven't run into any harsh judgments. I feel like I definitely attract like-minded people and simply don't mind the others.

Q: What is a common misconception about sex work?

There are many misconceptions about sex work but one big one is that it's a last resort and people don't enjoy it and feel like they *have* to. Maybe for some people this is true, but isn't it for any job? A lot of sex workers aren't resorting to sex work as a last resort, but actually ge nuinely enjoy it. They enjoy it for the money, the hours, the openness, and it can be really fun too! Regulars usually become friends and you enjoy these people who are paying for your work. Not everyone is like "show boobies, oh yeah, I'm horny." Lots of customers are respectful and just looking for a friend... a naked one! The connection really helps some people feel happy and fulfilled in their life and it can be rewarding to see that side of it.



HISTORY OF THE WORD "CUCK"

In the dredges of the Internet, most notably 4chan, Reddit and Breitbart, there has been an increase in the last year of white, Cheeto-dusted fingers poking at each other and calling out the dreaded word: cuck. In the political sphere of late, *cuckservative* came to mean a conservative who didn't support Trump, and as Milo Yiannopoulos so succinctly phrased it, "it's a byword for needlessly relinquished manliness, for selling out and caving in. The original metaphor of watching your partner getting slammed by another dude now simply means abandoned principles and a lack of backbone. It's a byword for beta male or coward."

In the Middle Ages, a cuckold was a word for a man whose wife was unfaithful. The word originates from the cuckoo bird, which lays its eggs in other birds nests so that they don't have to take the responsibility of raising it. The word cuckold was used liberally in Shakespeare's plays like Othello as a character trope and comedic elements about men's fears of sexual inadequacies, represented by a pair of horns, which is still considered an incredibly rude gesture in some of Europe.

Notably, a member of Portuguese parliament, Manuel Pinho, threw up his index fingers to the sides of his head to his colleague to express discontent and disgust. The Portuguese minister actually resigned after this angry gesture, saying he regretted his actions.

Now, there is explicit racism in the word cuck as its 13th-century meaning and jests have evolved into a subgenre of pornography that focuses on a husband watching passively and helplessly as his wife has sex with another man, who is usually black. The layers of this as an insult, indicating someone who is impassive and unable to claim what is rightfully his, as well as the added insult of being humiliated by a black man, is what has made the word cuck into a go-to insult for conservative white men who seek to regain what they believe to be theirs: American hard industry, power over women and over representation.

The fact that cuck is a word whose users are rich with insecurity should be a comforting one, honestly, being called a cuck might as well be akin to calling someone mildly empathetic or not overtly racist. As GQ writer Jennifer Wright notes, a cuck may also "be someone we'd have mutually satisfying sex with. And also maybe someone to marry and raise little cucks with, if interests align and things work out down the road."

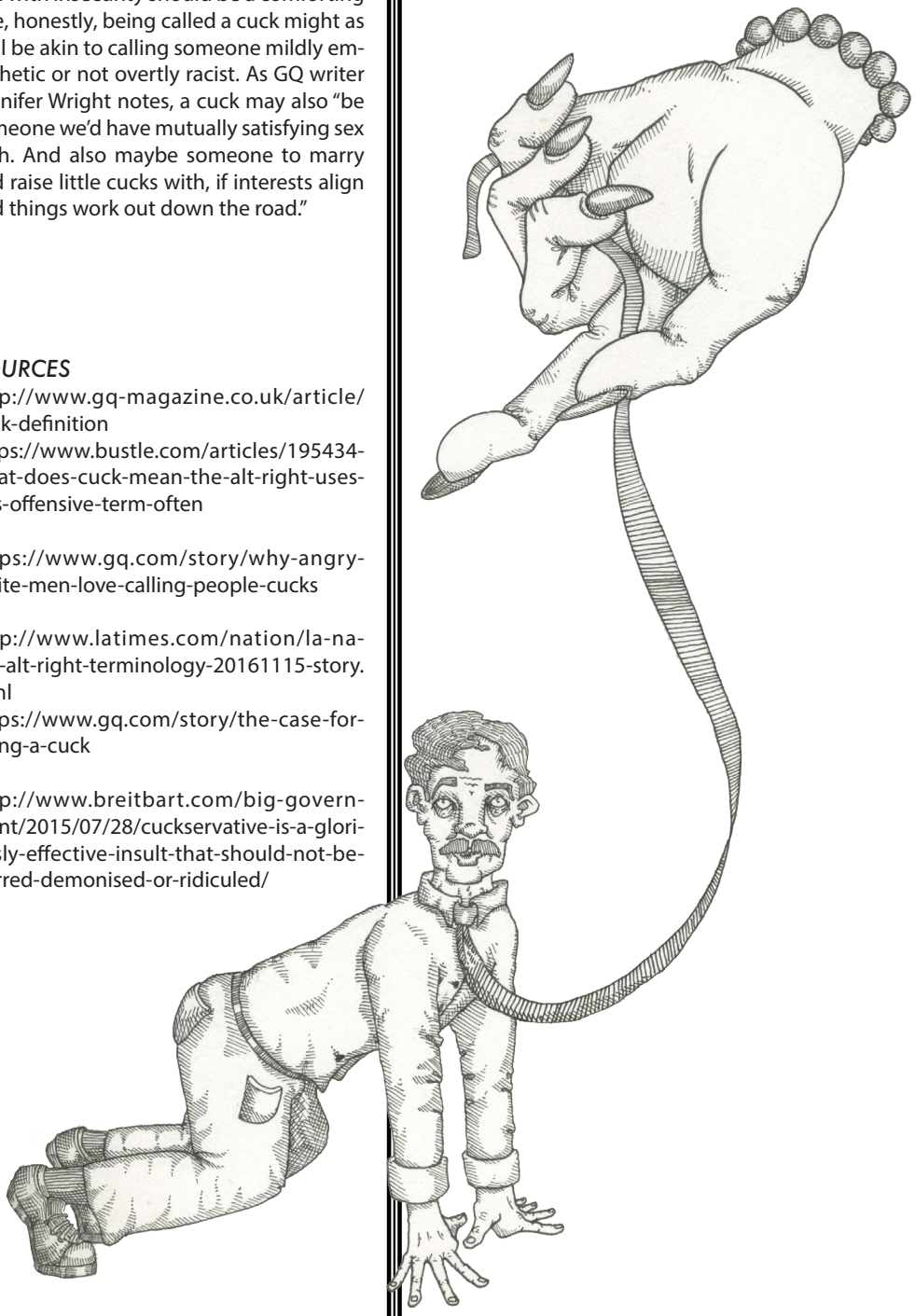
SOURCES

http://www.gq-magazine.co.uk/article/cuck-definition
https://www.bustle.com/articles/195434-what-does-cuck-mean-the-alt-right-uses-this-offensive-term-often

https://www.gq.com/story/why-angry-white-men-love-calling-people-cucks

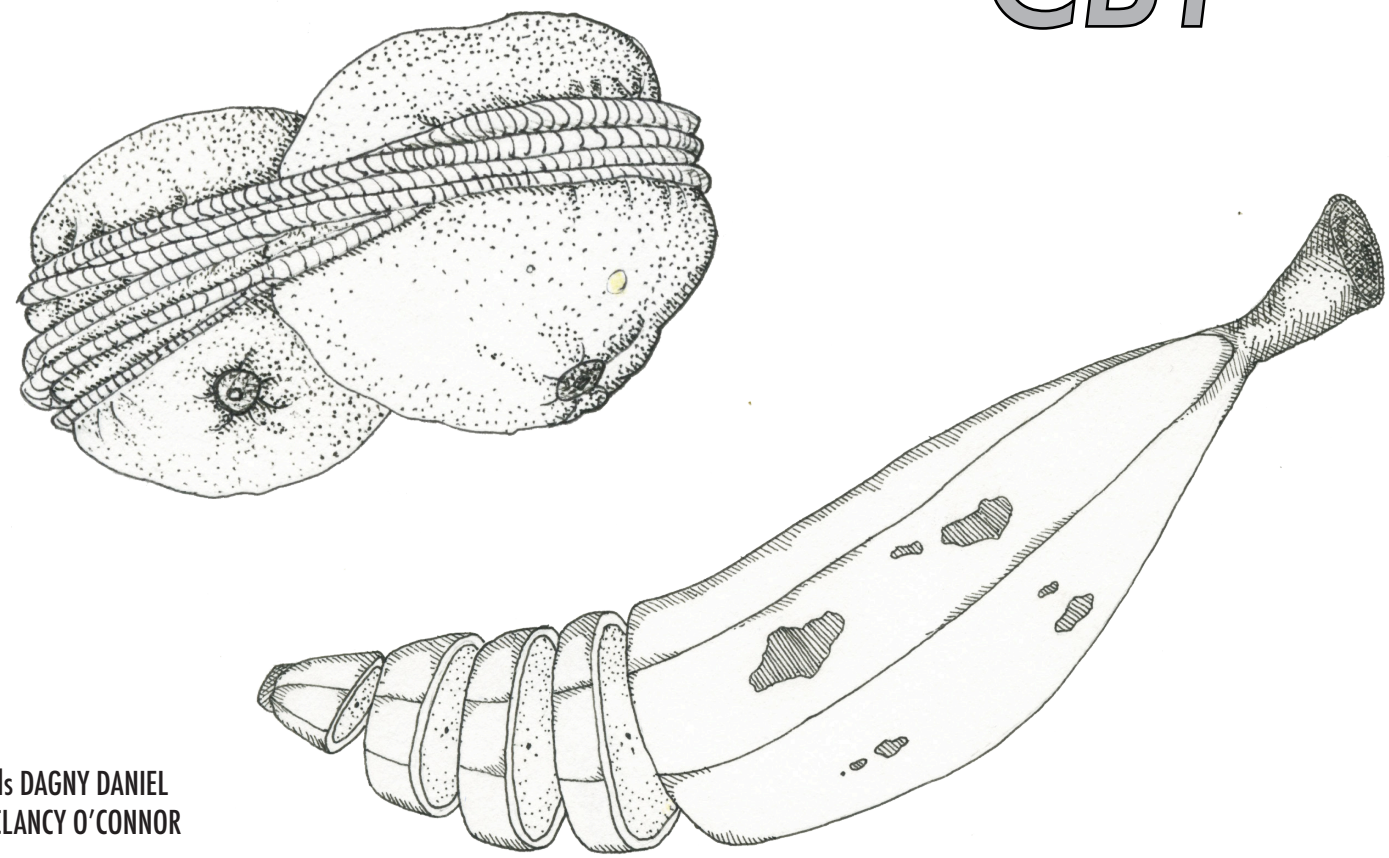
http://www.latimes.com/nation/la-na-pol-alt-right-terminology-20161115-story.html
https://www.gq.com/story/the-case-for-being-a-cuck

http://www.breitbart.com/big-government/2015/07/28/cuckservative-is-a-gloriously-effective-insult-that-should-not-be-slurred-demonised-or-ridiculed/



words IRIS KITTLESON
art CLANCY O'CONNOR

CBT



words DAGNY DANIEL
art CLANCY O'CONNOR

Let's talk about a well-loved and classic kink: cock and ball torture! CBT for short, this kink comes in many forms; slapping, stretching, biting, crushing, electrocution, sounding (inserting metal rods into the urethra), puncturing… the list of ways to torture the penis and testicles is never ending! Because the genitals are packed with so many nerve endings, CBT causes intense sensations that can induce a natural "high." Studies report that sadomasochistic activities in general can set off the same type of endorphin rush as yoga, meditation, or running.

"Since BDSM play can include power exchange and masochistic acts, endorphins are one of the most common neurotransmitters [produced]," says Matisse Madeline Marlowe, a professional dominatrix. Cock and ball torture also, obviously, elicits increased blood flow to the genitals. When combined with the sensations of pain and adrenaline, the body can get somewhat confused and process pain as pleasure. Many types of CBT involve pulling the testicles away from the body, which does two things: intensifies orgasm and forces the semen to travel further, thereby prolonging the orgasm. Devices used to achieve this include parachutes (collars attached to the scrotum from which weights can be hung), testicle cuffs (a ring which locks around the scrotum to separate the balls and cock), and humblers (two metal rods which clamp around the balls while the receiver is on hands and knees and makes it impossible for them to stand up or straighten without painful stretching of the balls).

In researching for this article, I learned that the skin composing the scrotum is akin to an earlobe! Meaning, the scrotum can take a good deal of contact and pain without causing any damage to someone's genitals. For example, ball busting is a common form of CBT which involves kicking someone in the jewels! An enticing aspect of this type of CBT for a lot of people is the accompanying humiliation.

However, for those interested in experimenting with CBT, caution and communication are necessary. It is important to never cut off blood flow from your own/your partner's testicles and penis for too long — signs include loss of feeling and loss of color to the genitals. That said, a good place to start is by joining a cock and ball torture group on something like fetlife.com to become more educated and get ideas to spice things up. Special thanks to @SunnyMegatron's YouTube video "What is CBT?" for a lot of this information!

Photos: **MIRANDA CAVAGNARO**

I WANT TO FUCK BIRDS

1. Blue Jays
a. the most beautiful blue jay in the world
b. lives on my campus
c. alex's mom says it is good luck
d. (to fuck a blue jay)

2. Grackles
a. i wanna fuck grackles and their big ass tails
b. if you google "Texas loud birds"
c. that's what i want to fuck

3. Eagles
a. i thrive on rare things
b. and grandeur
c. american freedom is what made me
d. (an oedipus complex)

4. Crows
a. NOT CROWS

5. Ravens
a. death
b. glamour
c. my own reflection in this oil

6. That Bird from Planet Earth
a. you know the one
b. the one with the big blue face
c. that hops around and shit
d. i want that under me

7. While they're flying
a. tail feathers
b. all splayed out and nothing
c. tucked away, i wanna fuck
d. anything that will let me see all of them

words **ANNALEE NOCK**
words **PATRICK DUNHAM**
art **FIONA DE LOS RIOS**

UNDER A GREAT BIG SILVER SKY

I dreamt that my body transformed
into
an unquantifiable amount of data
hurled in an incessant feed
from an infinite bill-
board

spurting cmyk seizures

onto the desert's vast stillness
two lovers
covering each other's
faces in slugs

while a mechanized voice

repeats everything must go
a seagull pecking at its own eyeball
among hundreds of crabs eating in tide pools
millions of mouths grow thick
w/sweet sludge

& suddenly I feel things

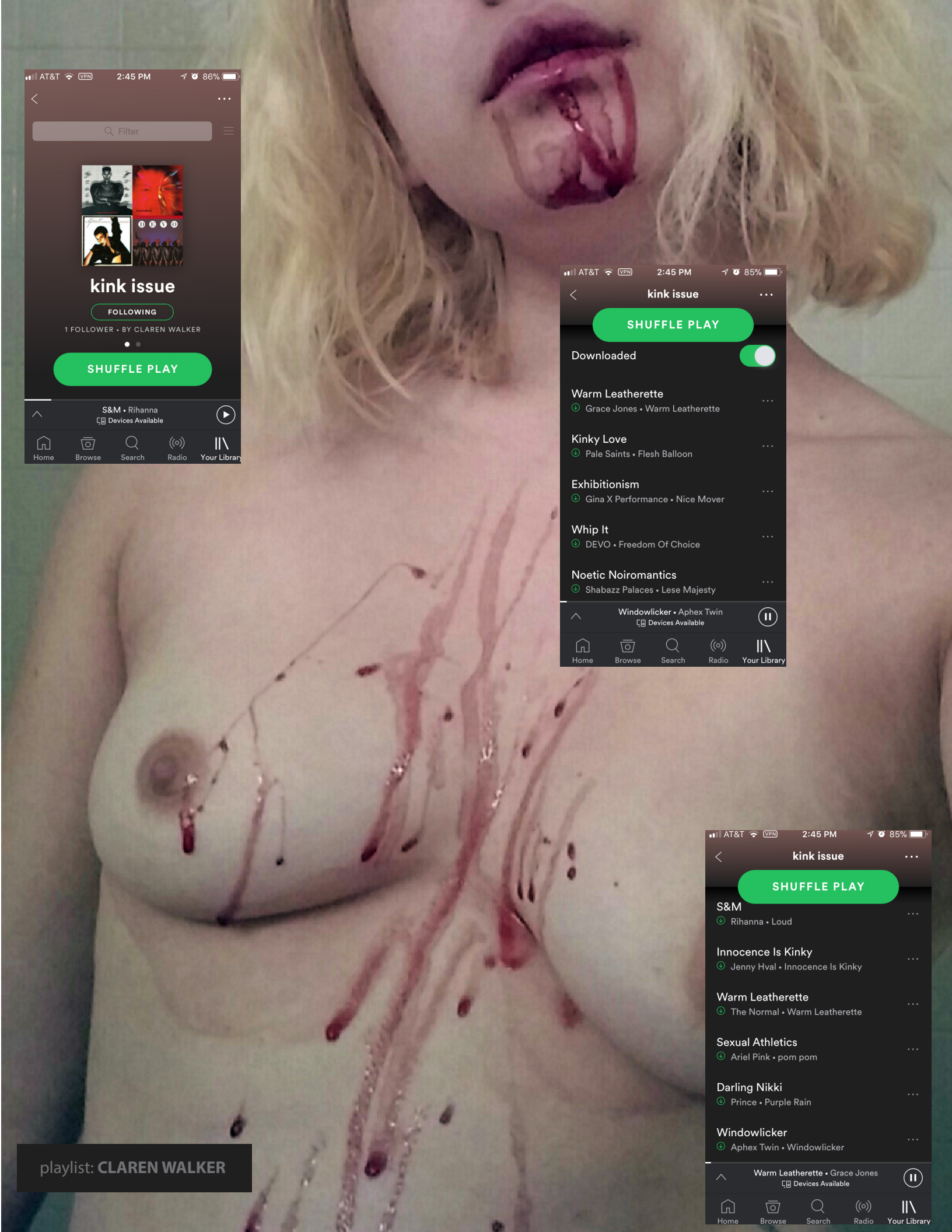
growing in the orifices of my data
I hear swarm sounds in an empty well
& open my eyes beneath the billboard

an army of locusts nibbling away
at
fungal discs along my waist
lizards crawl into my mouth & I finally come
to accept my silence
the morning curled warm around us
inside the
bell of color
that
rings with sun
you blow honey harpoons
into my ears

so that I might be a better vessel

for new blue things
to sprawl in your garden
in its rolling pink smoke
water shining between the trees
is to hear the sea's crawling silver

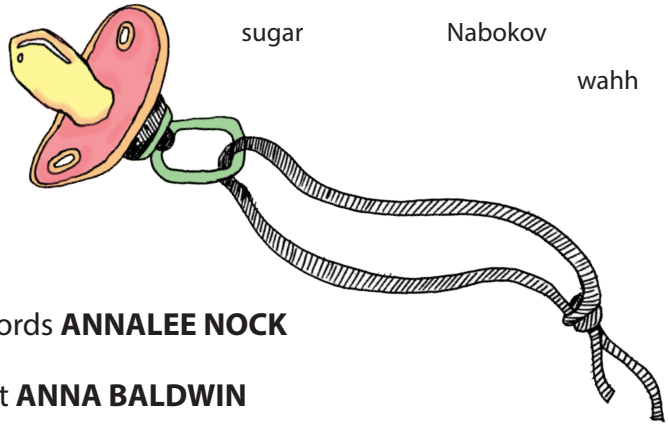
the fft of levitation


AT&T VPN 2:45 PM 86%
Filter
kink issue
FOLLOWING
1 FOLLOWER • BY CLAREN WALKER
SHUFFLE PLAY
S&M • Rihanna
Devices Available
Home Browse Search Radio Your Library
AT&T VPN 2:45 PM 85%
kink issue
SHUFFLE PLAY
Downloaded
Warm Leatherette
Grace Jones • Warm Leatherette
Kinky Love
Pale Saints • Flesh Balloon
Exhibitionism
Gina X Performance • Nice Mover
Whip It
DEVO • Freedom Of Choice
Noetic Noiromantics
Shabazz Palaces • Lese Majesty
Windowlicker • Aphex Twin
Devices Available
Home Browse Search Radio Your Library
AT&T VPN 2:45 PM 85%
kink issue
SHUFFLE PLAY
S&M
Rihanna • Loud
Innocence Is Kinky
Jenny Hval • Innocence Is Kinky
Warm Leatherette
The Normal • Warm Leatherette
Sexual Athletics
Ariel Pink • pom pom
Darling Nikki
Prince • Purple Rain
Windowlicker
Aphex Twin • Windowlicker
Warm Leatherette • Grace Jones
Devices Available
Home Browse Search Radio Your Library
playlist: CLAREN WALKER

Activity Page

Wordbank

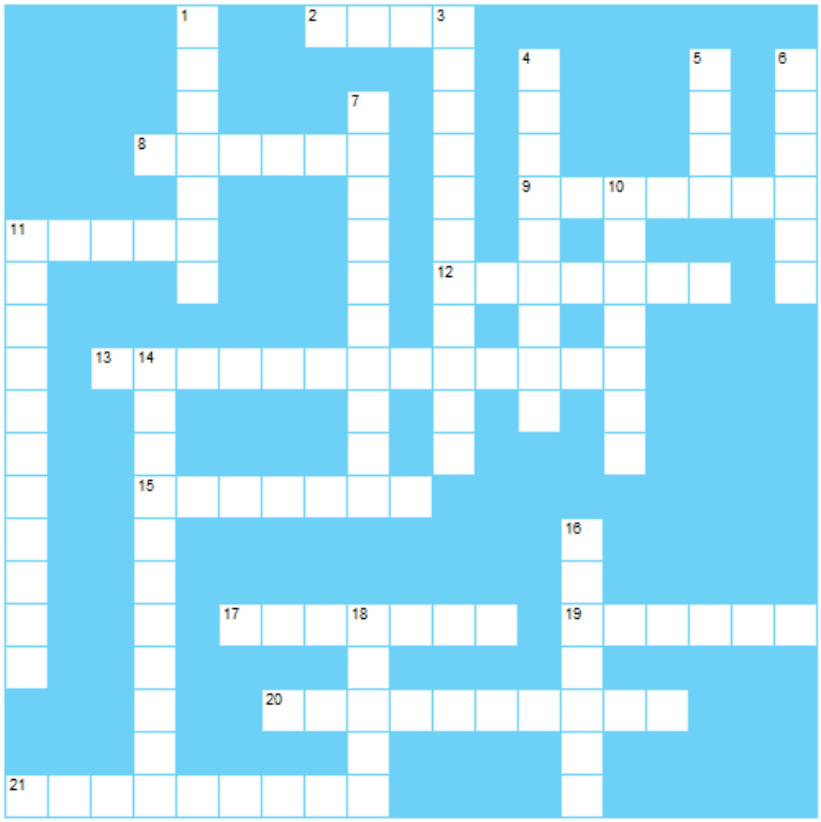
little space nymphet
consent age play hewwo
infantilize ABDL bottle Kubrick
Shanley BBtalk Zayn Malik
paraphilia Melanie Lolita
sissification hunter green
sugar Nabokov
wahh



words **ANNALEE NOCK**

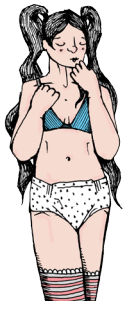
art **ANNA BALDWIN**

C	R	E	G	R	E	S	S	I	O	N	O	C	S	G
O	G	I	N	F	A	N	T	I	L	I	Z	E	I	B
N	Z	A	Y	N	M	A	L	I	K	O	L	H	S	B
S	N	K	M	S	H	A	N	L	E	Y	I	H	S	T
E	H	N	P	L	P	R	S	H	S	W	T	U	I	A
N	M	I	H	J	A	R	J	E	A	Y	T	N	F	L
T	J	F	E	X	R	L	O	W	N	C	L	T	I	K
A	L	B	T	X	A	M	N	W	B	A	E	E	C	A
L	B	Z	G	U	P	E	Q	O	O	R	S	R	A	J
O	O	D	Y	P	H	L	S	A	T	E	P	G	T	Q
E	T	L	L	O	I	A	U	T	T	G	A	R	I	W
J	T	O	I	X	L	N	G	U	L	I	C	E	O	A
T	Q	T	E	T	I	I	A	V	E	V	E	E	N	H
U	W	P	U	X	A	E	R	E	R	E	N	N	M	H
N	A	B	O	K	O	V	K	U	B	R	I	C	K	S



Clues

1. #8 and *Speak, Memory* author
2. Adult baby diaper lover, in short
3. Term used in DDLG relationships to refer to relaxed state of submissive
4. Twitter's PILLOWTALKing daddy
5. Common insta-baby caption; whining onomatopeia
6. Phallic prop or Little emoji
7. A condition characterized by abnormal sexual desires; "it's not pedophelia, it's *blank*"
8. Light of my life, fire of my loins
9. Vladamir's term for Lolita types
10. *Cry Baby* Martinez
11. Tumblr meme greeting, in Little voice
12. Gay hanky code for daddy
13. Twitter user famous for rant about "daddy appropriation"
14. AKA feminization
15. To treat someone as a child; pejorative or not
16. Umbrella term for roleplay pertaining to age
17. *Lolita* director
18. Not sexy, necessary
19. Paid companion; blank baby
20. Miley music video depicting #2
21. Therapeutic term for #3
22. Gender neutral daddy dom



1176 words of lesbian vampire erotica

She knew it was the thirteenth the way she once knew when she was hungry: deeply, instinctively, bodily. Each month the unfamiliar craving washed over her at first almost unconsciously before it settled in her stomach, hummed in her ears, shivered through her, electric, organic. It would be embarrassing if it weren't so entirely delicious—the loose, untethered longing, the all-too-human passion and heat which commanded her like a moth to a flame, a man to a meal, a dog to a bell. A shark to blood.

"You're a mess," Bonnie said on break, fiddling with the nametag on her uniform, the Rite-Aid red and white. "You're always a mess the second week of the month."

Tara was watching tomato soup rotate in the microwave when Ina got home, tossed her keys on the kitchen counter, and tucked junk mail into the back of the stack. She threw a glance to the back of Tara's head. "You're not supposed to stare at your food while it heats up like that."

Tara didn't move. "Urban myth."

Ding, clack—out came the bowl from the microwave on Tara's careful fingertips, the steam eliciting a sniffle or two from the last legs of her common cold. Saltines, napkin, spoon. Ina followed the movement of Tara's hips beneath her Christmas pj pants as she swayed over to the sofa where her laptop with all its first-year post-grad Jobzilla tabs was open on the coffee table. Tara slammed it shut.

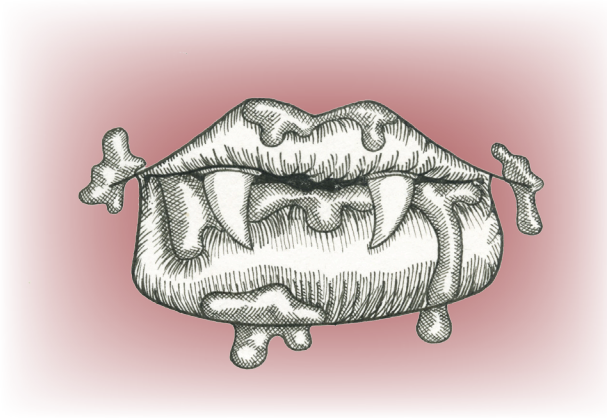
Ina blinked, shook her head, tried not to listen to her nose or to the synesthetic blur of sense and color that confused itself with smell. From the corner of her eye a spot of red soup peered up at her, one drop stark against the clean white counter—Rite-Aid name tag, Tara's ass in those linens, soup, just soup. Ina's eyes flashed to the calendar pinned to the fridge: the baker's dozen, the lucky unlucky, one-three.

The cushion beside Tara was still warm. Ina set her feet on the coffee table, stretched out her legs beneath her drugstore apron, patient, impatient. Something familiar and inane was gluing Tara's eyes to the TV, that show she liked where a Disney prince type hands over roses to twenty-two-year-olds in ballgowns and bikinis. It had just started.

Ina cleared her throat. "Hungry?" she asked, conversational, watching Tara shovel spoonfuls of hot soup into her mouth, wince at the heat, and repeat.

Tara nodded, curling her legs beneath her. "Starving."

It had been so long. A long time ago she'd been a farmer's daughter and she still felt like one sometimes, small, hungry, poor, alive. Tara'd asked her once half-joking if it was anything like eating chicken and Ina'd answered that it was more like killing one, something she'd done many times when she was a girl, all pain, regret, pleasure, and blood. Couldn't remember the taste of it. Couldn't decide if she was the butcher or the knife. She looked at Tara. "So am I."



Something in her voice drew Tara's eyes away from the screen at once, spoon hovering halfway to the bowl. Her mouth was open like she was about to speak. Ina interrupted her before she could. "Set that down."

For a moment Tara gave Ina a look which after two years she still couldn't read. Something sad in it. Then she closed her mouth. The bowl was on the table, Tara's back against the arm of the couch. Her knees were parallel and bent, her socked feet on the cushion between them. Ina slid a hand up the inside of her pant leg.

"You shaved your legs," she noticed, curving her fingers over the smooth muscle of Tara's calf. "Why?"

Tara shrugged, reticent. "Felt like it."

But Ina's palm was already canvassing the back of one soft thigh, Tara's breath hitching slightly. "Off," Ina muttered, and she used both hands to wrench the pajamas down Tara's hips and away from her body. Tara's underwear was red.

"You're lucky my body keeps a tight schedule," Tara smirked, "otherwise you'd be out of luck."
Ina was already flattening her stomach against the couch cushion, tucking her feet into the wedge between cushion and edge. "But I'm not, am I," she replied, already feeling the rush of whatever replaced adrenaline when she died, the urge, the singular hunger. Tara shivered and her knees fell apart.

Ina's nose nudged the front of Tara's panties and Tara made a small, involuntary sound. Ina's stomach was rumbling and the heat of Tara's body was pressed against her, teasing her. Maybe tomorrow she could take her time. Not the thirteenth.

Not today.

Tara's panties were under the coffee table in a split second and Ina resettled between Tara's legs. She pinched the little white string with two fingers, looked up at Tara with reproving eyes. Tara was staring down at her with a slack mouth, wide pupils.

"I keep telling you not to use these," Ina scolded, unable to help herself. "You don't know what kind of chemicals they put in them."

In a moment Tara's haze was broken. "Oh my god," she groaned, dragging a hand down her face. "You're unbelievable."

"I'm just saying," Ina pressed, "we didn't have them when I was your age and I did fine."

"Are you kidding me? When you were my age?" Tara's eyebrows shot up. "When you were my age people died of like, fevers. Like, all the time."

"Okay," Ina said, sitting up. "I get it." "When you were my age the polio vaccine hadn't been invented."

"You've made your point."

"Wait, sorry, one more—when you were my age zero presidents had been assassinated. Zero."

"One," Ina corrected her, "and I was seven. Are you done yet?"

Tara smiled, new warmth in her eyes. "For now."

"Good," Ina snapped, and she slid her arms over Tara's thighs, pulled her hips toward her face, and yanked out the little white string with her teeth. Tara whimpered, surprised, and then yelped. Ina's tongue found her clit and Tara wriggled beneath her, but Ina's grip held Tara tight against her mouth.

"Fuck," Tara whispered, then louder, "you—" Blood was on Ina's nose and she could smell it, could smell nothing else, see nothing else. Heady and unloosed, Ina felt her own desire heightening, two desires, the one almost unbearable—next, teeth. Beyond her control they thrust out of her gums like cat's claws, predacious. Her own body the sharp edge of a knife, silver, shimmering, heaving through air. Why don't you want to bite me, Ina? Tara's thighs shaking, her body warm, her blood everywhere. I lied. I want to bite you more than anyone.

Tara came and it was over almost instantly, the bliss, the madness, the shame. They met each other's eyes, stunned, as though meeting for the first time in many years. Tara reached down and held the side of Ina's face in her hand, brushed a thumb over a sharp incisor, smiled.

"Satisfied?" she said.

words **ANONYMOUS**

art **ANNA BALDWIN**

art **CULLEN SHARP**

Self-Help

ME: You're a loser. David chose to skip prom altogether rather than go with you. Some people in the world are givers and others are takers. All you do is take, take, take.

MYSELF Mmmm. Mmmhmmm.

ME: You're so ugly, when you put on makeup you look like Deadpool applied cosmetics with his left hand. You're so hairy we could make a fur coat out of you.

MYSELF: Oh, yeah that's the spot. Keep g—

ME: You're pathetic. You haven't lifted a finger, much less worked a day in your life. You wallow in your first world problems and put on weight. You spend all your free time watching television, because you have no real friends.

MYSELF: Ooohhh what are you doing to me?!

ME: You're grievously average and blend into a dirty wall. You're the most self-absorbed person out there. All you do is think about your stress, your problems, you—

MYSELF: Yes, yes, don't stop, don't stop!

ME: You could have so much potential if only the fog cleared from your head, if only someone gave you attention or if only you got a nose job!

MYSELF: I love it I love it I love it!!!!

ME: Next time, I'll take a video of you crying yourself to sleep for the fifth night in a row. That really hideous cry you do, where your lips curl and your fact contracts into a series of ridges. And your body heaves with each sob so your fat quakes.

MYSELF: Oh you're so good, you make me so hot *mmmmmm*, prrrrrrrr.

ME: Maybe we can bring to life daydreams where you're a hero for once. Maybe you sacrifice yourself to save a bunch of people. And when you're gone they all realize how they never appreciated you and what a special person you were.

MYSELF: Yeah—wait no, no! Nothing close to that snuff stuff. There are limits to all things . . . Oh, fuckin' great.You've ruined it. Why do you do this?

ME: Why did I do it! I'm doing you the favor of thinking all this—this . . . stuff!

MYSELF: Why does there have to be violence everywhere there's sex, huh? Why is sex itself so much like stabbing a person repeatedly and gaining pleasure from it?! Or getting stabbed, wounded and loving it!

ME: Ok, I didn't suggest anything too violent, you're going off on a tangent now. Get off your high horse, stop judging other people. You're not some geni—

MYSELF: It's insane! Like, sex *is* violence!

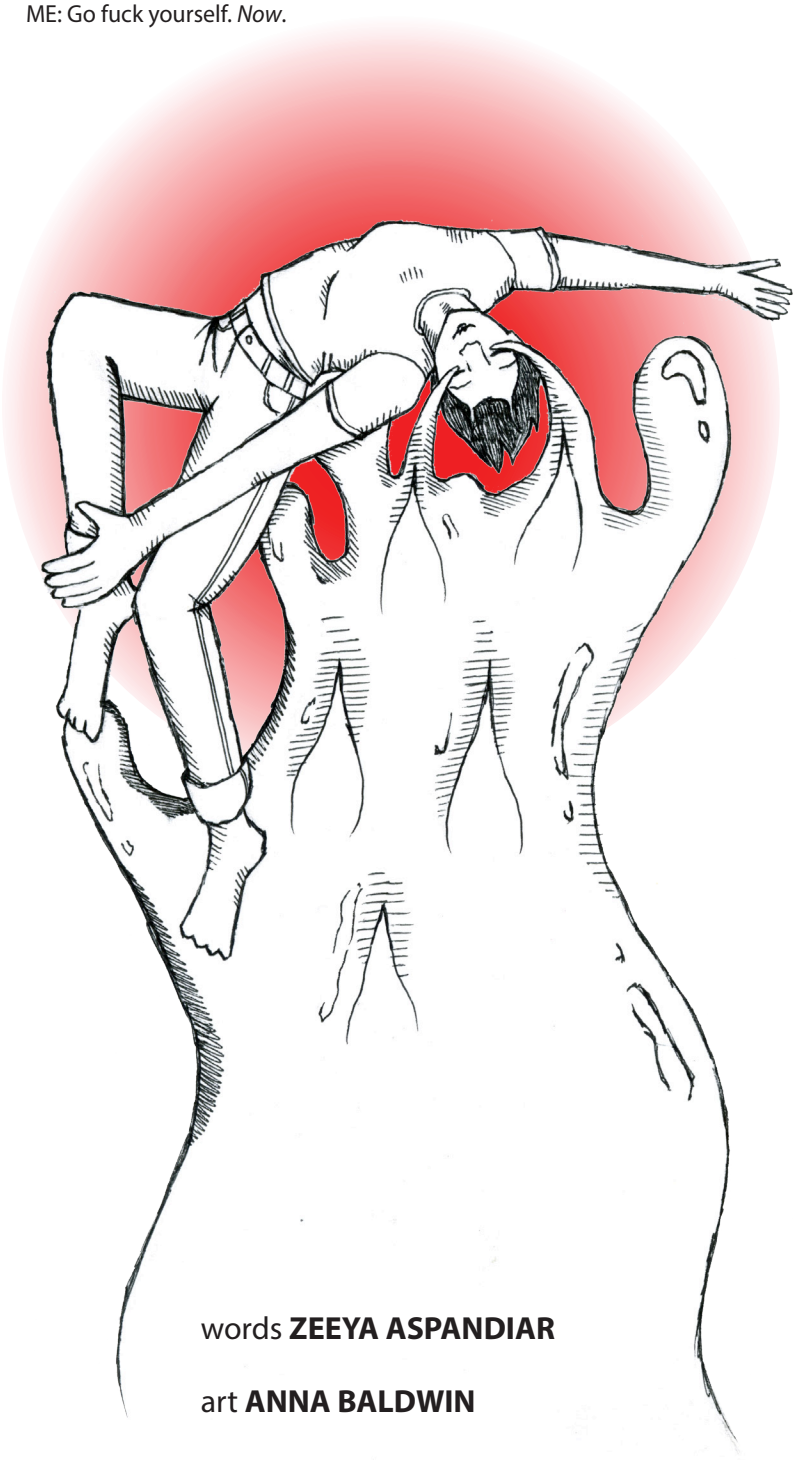
ME: You listen to too much Jane's Addiction. Put yourself to sleep. And anyway, you're the one who wants to burrow holes into your thick skin. I'm just the messenger.

MYSELF: If I'm going to sleep, you need to sing me a lullaby, send me soothing monologues, and promise me everything is gonna be ok and get better. Tomorrow is going to be a fun day and I'm not going to embarrass myself. Maybe I'll fall in love with someone tomorrow and they'll fall in love with me too!

ME: No, dude. That's all your problem. Leave me be.

MYSELF: You're stubborn, and crass, and no one manages to like you for longer than a month. *I* don't like you.

ME: Go fuck yourself. *Now*.



words **ZEEYA ASPANDIAR**

art **ANNA BALDWIN**

Overheards

"Bannon declined to mention on the record why he wears so many shirts"

"My issue is not with your motives. It's with your memes, Gerald"

"Cinnabon delights are ballsacks of sugar filled with cum"

"I'm so much prouder to have my asshole than to have my dick"

"I have always believed that the internet is a manifestation of the Antichrist"

"Hey, we're still friends, but you don't know that I've written this 80 page book about you"

"It **IS** over-diagnosed but **YOU** have it"

"My biggest fear is accidentally posting a nude to 'Eugene free and for sale'"

"Let me be a part of your circle jerk"

"I'm fuck as drunk"

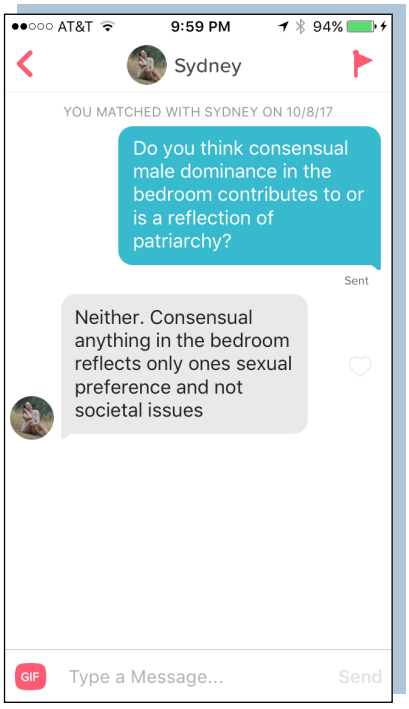
"Ok this is gonna sound really selfish but I feel like I just have all these friends? Who like invite me to all these things?"

The Ethics of Male Dominance in the Bedroom

words **BILLY KING**

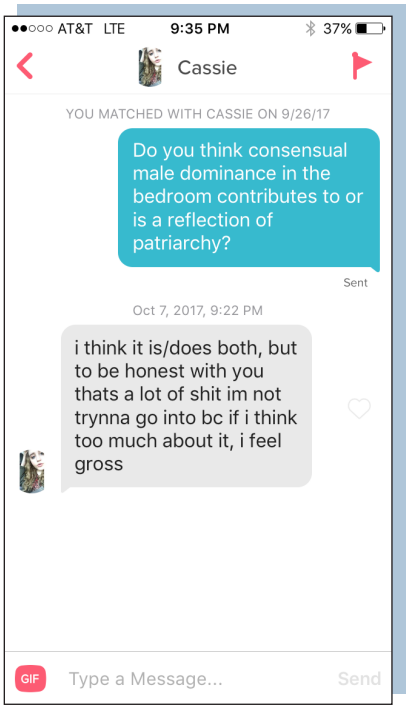
Pre-Project Intro

What's most important to me in any sexual encounter is communication, especially when it comes to making sure my partner is happy and comfortable. I'm a straight guy, and many of the female partners I've had have told me that they enjoy being dominated in bed. I do my best to meet this request, yet when delving into BDSM territory, I sometimes feel uncomfortable dominating my partner on certain levels. I think that this feeling comes from me having trouble separating my animosity towards male dominance in society with male dominance in the bedroom. To try to get some help with this, I asked several of my Tinder matches to share whether or not they think consensual male dominance in the bedroom either contributes to or is a reflection of patriarchy.

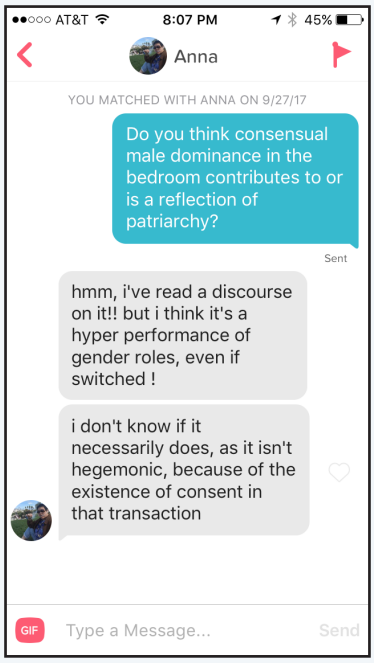

AT&T 9:59 PM 94%
Sydney
YOU MATCHED WITH SYDNEY ON 10/8/17
Do you think consensual male dominance in the bedroom contributes to or is a reflection of patriarchy?
Sent
Neither. Consensual anything in the bedroom reflects only ones sexual preference and not societal issues
GIF
Type a Message...
Send

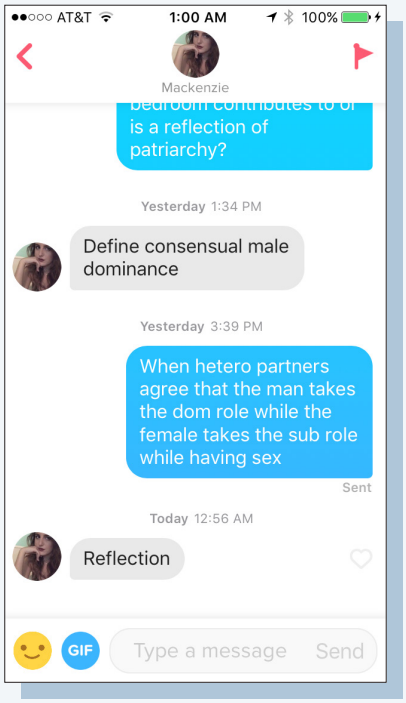
Post-Project Outro

After reading several responses, I began to feel that my prompt itself posed a loaded question regarding an unfair circumstance—It is partially unfair because it is inevitable in a male-dominated society for male dominance in the bedroom not to be a reflection of that society. The question is also unfair because asking a woman to answer it in the world we *do* live in could be oppressive in itself, because it may cause her to doubt the ethics of something she finds enjoyable. Because of the historic and contemporary cultural ostracization of women for expressing their sexuality, it may be anti-feminist to make a woman feel bad for something she enjoys in the bedroom. Therefore, I currently believe that consensual male dominance in the bedroom does not contribute to patriarchy, because there is movement toward gender equality anytime a woman expresses what she wants in the bedroom. However, I think it's also understandable if this issue feels like a bit of a paradox. As we move towards a more gender-equal future, this question will be made less and less relevant (and therefore feel less paradoxical) because as the patriarchy dissolves, so will the relevance of who is dominating whom in bed.

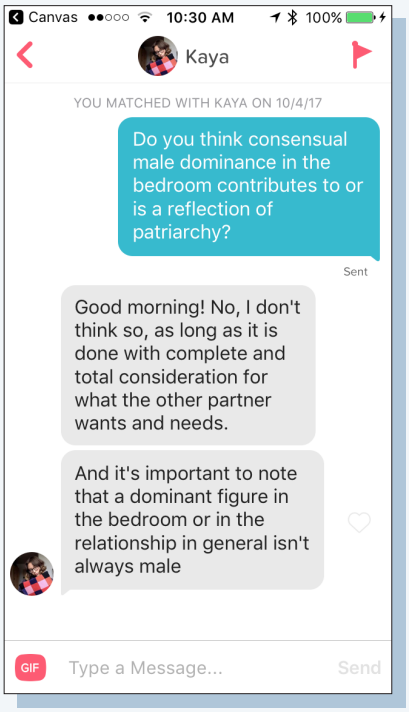

AT&T LTE 9:35 PM 37%
Cassie
YOU MATCHED WITH CASSIE ON 9/26/17
Do you think consensual male dominance in the bedroom contributes to or is a reflection of patriarchy?
Sent
Oct 7, 2017, 9:22 PM
i think it is/does both, but to be honest with you thats a lot of shit im not trynna go into bc if i think too much about it, i feel gross
GIF
Type a Message...
Send

GIF Type a Message... Send

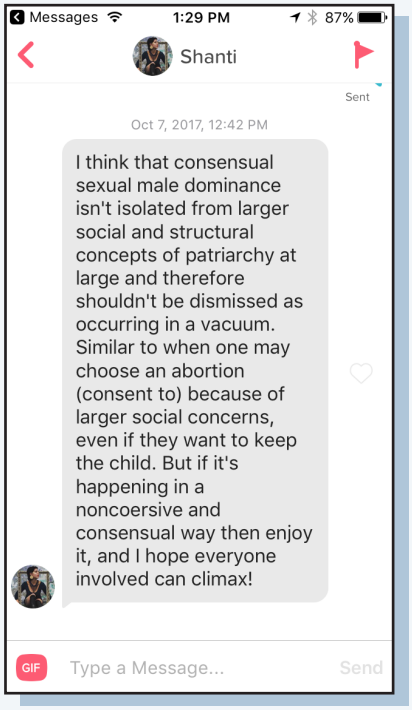

AT&T 8:07 PM 45%
Anna
YOU MATCHED WITH ANNA ON 9/27/17
Do you think consensual male dominance in the bedroom contributes to or is a reflection of patriarchy?
Sent
hmm, i've read a discourse on it!! but i think it's a hyper performance of gender roles, even if switched !
i don't know if it necessarily does, as it isn't hegemonic, because of the existence of consent in that transaction
GIF
Type a Message...
Send

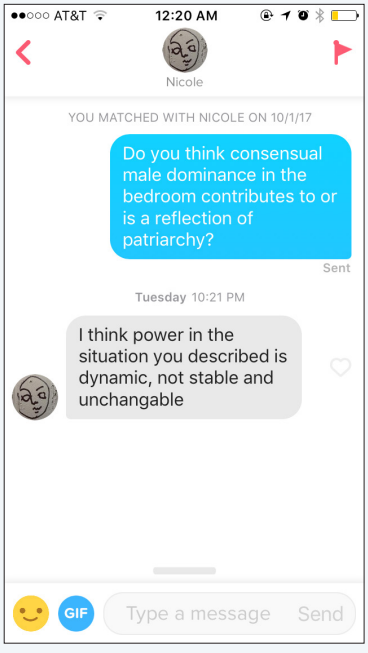

AT&T 1:00 AM 100%
Mackenzie
is a reflection of patriarchy?
Yesterday 1:34 PM
Define consensual male dominance
Yesterday 3:39 PM
When hetero partners agree that the man takes the dom role while the female takes the sub role while having sex
Sent
Today 12:56 AM
Reflection
GIF
Type a message
Send

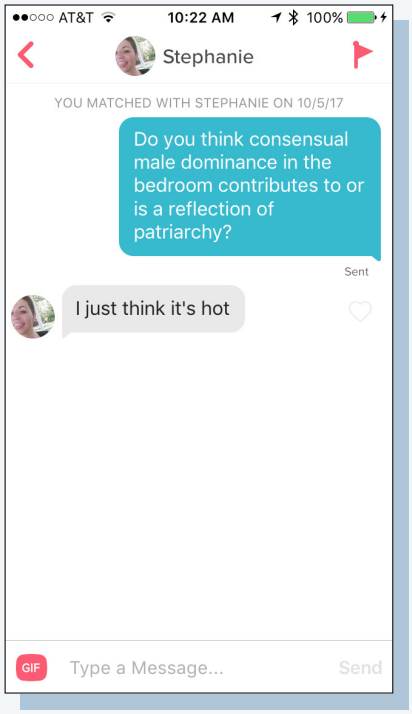
AT&T 9:09 AM 100%
Meagan
Do you think consensual male dominance in the bedroom contributes to or is a reflection of patriarchy?
Yesterday 11:34 PM
Definitely a reflection of
Today 12:52 AM
Do you think that's problematic, or is it something not to worry about?
Sent
Today 3:32 AM
Probably nothing to worry about
GIF
Type a message
Send


Canvas 10:30 AM 100%
Kaya
YOU MATCHED WITH KAYA ON 10/4/17
Do you think consensual male dominance in the bedroom contributes to or is a reflection of patriarchy?
Sent
Good morning! No, I don't think so, as long as it is done with complete and total consideration for what the other partner wants and needs.
And it's important to note that a dominant figure in the bedroom or in the relationship in general isn't always male
GIF
Type a Message...
Send

Snapch... 11:34 PM 100%
Sydnee
YOU MATCHED WITH SYDNEE ON 10/8/17
Do you think consensual male dominance in the bedroom contributes to or is a reflection of patriarchy?
Sent
Today 4:30 PM
If its consensual then nah, I dont think its a reflection
GIF
Type a message
Send


Messages 1:29 PM 87%
Shanti
Sent
Oct 7, 2017, 12:42 PM
I think that consensual sexual male dominance isn't isolated from larger social and structural concepts of patriarchy at large and therefore shouldn't be dismissed as occurring in a vacuum. Similar to when one may choose an abortion (consent to) because of larger social concerns, even if they want to keep the child. But if it's happening in a noncoersive and consensual way then enjoy it, and I hope everyone involved can climax!
GIF
Type a Message...
Send

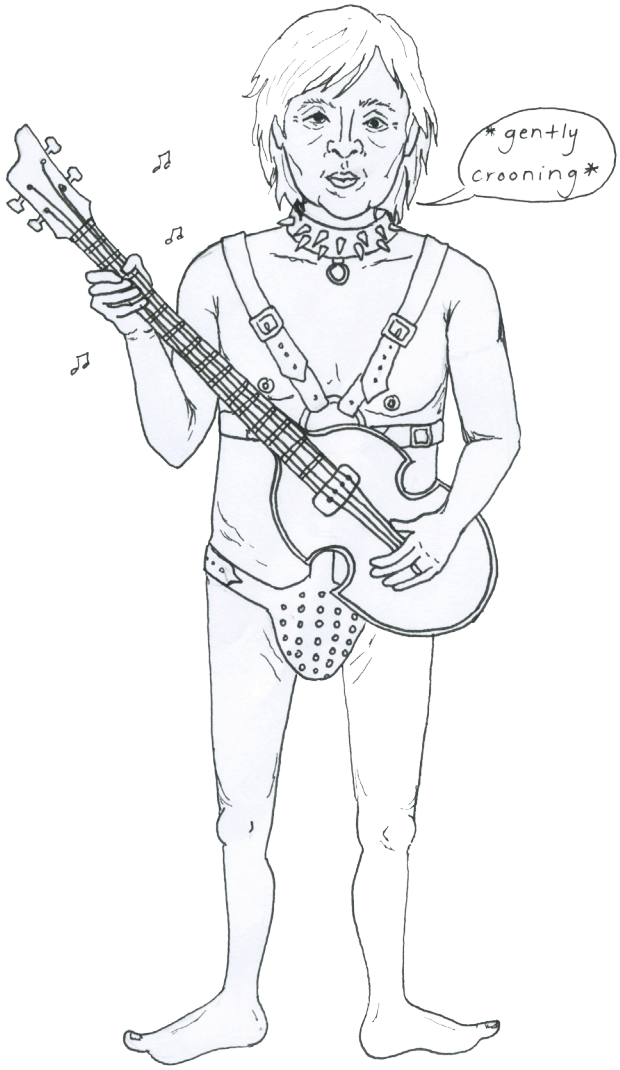

AT&T 12:20 AM
Nicole
YOU MATCHED WITH NICOLE ON 10/1/17
Do you think consensual male dominance in the bedroom contributes to or is a reflection of patriarchy?
Sent
Tuesday 10:21 PM
I think power in the situation you described is dynamic, not stable and unchangable
GIF
Type a message
Send


AT&T 10:22 AM 100%
Stephanie
YOU MATCHED WITH STEPHANIE ON 10/5/17
Do you think consensual male dominance in the bedroom contributes to or is a reflection of patriarchy?
Sent
I just think it's hot
GIF
Type a Message...
Send

Kaitlyn
YOU MATCHED WITH KAITLYN ON 9/28/17
Do you think consensual male dominance in the bedroom contributes to or is a reflection of patriarchy?
Oct 7, 2017, 11:41 PM
reflection
What makes you say that?
Sent
i think it happens subconsciously, plus it's consensual so both people have agreed to it
what about you

Advice Column: Questions-Only Edition

Dear Advice Column at the Oregon Voice,
I've got a problem! A major problem! Lately, I've found myself only attracted to tiny-house builders. And when I say "attracted to," I mean *attracted* to. Like, goddamn. I have put myself into massive debt commissioning tiny house after tiny house just so I can make eyes at the people who create them. The feeling I get when they take me on a tour of the cramped, weirdly well-organized shithole they created? Priceless. Any ideas? I own forty-three tiny houses.



Hi, Advice Column,
I can only reach orgasm if a Beatles song is playing. Specifically, it has to be a song where Paul McCartney giggles or does something impossibly cute that they then catch on the recording. My girlfriend feels bad if I don't finish, but she's getting really tired of hearing minutes 1:20-1:25 of "Maxwell's Silver Hammer." How can I get her to understand that I will never be able to successfully hit it without hearing McCartney's gentle cooing? I don't want her to think I don't love her!

Dear OV Ask-Me-Anything,
I hate Paris, France, but everyone else loves it! All of my belongings were stolen from me and I thought it was a below-average city. How can I respond to everyone's simultaneous oohing and ahhing when I say I've been to Paris? Or should I just lean into the fact that I've been to Paris for a week? If so, how do I use this fact to my advantage to pick up chicks?

Because who are we to judge your kink?

words **TAYLOR GRIGGS**
art **FIONA DE LOS RIOS**

Campus Homie

Ali @ KWVA

The 34 year-old broadcast engineer has worked at the university for five years and is the resident engineer at KWVA, the school's radio station.

I testify to his status as a true homie, largely because Ali came to KWVA as a hobby to maintain his skills in broadcasting. "I was working a compressed schedule. I had three days off, and that's when I worked here," he says. He laughs as he says it, which makes me chuckle as well. Ali's laugh is incredibly addictive, a loud and infectious chorus that leads to a neat grin on his bearded face.

Although he initially worked for another company, Ali soon found himself back in radio. "The first chance I got, I left," he says. "I love working with students."

Ali loves radio. "Radio is for the people," he says. "I work on campus because I like to think I'm doing something good. It also makes me feel a lot younger, because I'm around all these kids all the time.

"The only thing I don't like is the parking," he says and promptly cracks up. When he's not working, Ali likes to be home with his wife and listen to—surprise—KWVA.

words **BOBBY SCHENK**

KINK-FREE ZONE
KINK-FREE ZONE
KINK-FREE ZONE

Our Friend Tom

OV's Maddy Jones sat down with veteran SOJC professor Tom Wheeler to ask him some questions on matters of the heart <3

What song encompasses the feeling of love to you?

I think the classics of the rock/pop era are hard to beat — "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face," "Unchained Melody", Ray Charles' version of "I Can't Stop Loving You." But if I had to pick one, the poetry of Bob Dylan's "Love Minus Zero/No Limit" still resonates after all these years (*Yet she's true, like ice, like fire*). For anyone who's hopelessly loved someone who will never be more than a friend: Steve Goodman's "That's What Friends Are For" (*Whenever someone breaks her heart, she comes knocking at your door, and she knows she can count on you, that's what friends are for*). Whimsical love songs can be great too, like John Prine's "Spanish Pipedream" (*Well, I sat there at the table, and I acted real naïve, for I knew that topless lady, had something up her sleeve*). One more — "Forever Young," Bob Dylan (*May your hands always be busy, may your feet always be swift, may you have a strong foundation, when the winds of changes shift*). Damn, can't stop: Dylan's "If You See Her, Say Hello" is a heartbreaker; maybe you haven't been around long enough to look back that far on a broken love, but stick around. OK, that's it.

At what moment in your life did you feel like you had grown into an adult?

When the cop who pulled me over was younger than me. Or, fathering babies — that'll do it.

words **MADDY JONES**

THE KINK HOROSCOPES

CAPRICORN

No one is ever gonna live up to your high and well-deserved sexual standards, so put your beau in the corner and ménage à moi while your partner reads your résumé out loud. **Safeword suggestion:** schedule

AQUARIUS

Celebrate your affinity with the air by engaging in some impact play! Hand, paddle, flogger, belt—feel them woosh through the air and/or channel your excellent listening skills and take it like a champ! (P.S. admit you're a switch already)
Safeword suggestion: Uranus

PISCES

You think about yourself too much; go watch people fuck, it'll be a nice break. Do your thing—empathize!—but sexually. Find an orgy or get on OkCupid though, don't be a creep. **Safeword suggestion:** bubbles

ARIES

Baby, baby, baby make a sex tape. You love to take charge and give direction, prop your iPhone on some textbooks and pray to the front-camera gods that it'll look good later.
Safeword suggestion: cut

TAURUS

Taureans are the hedons of the zodiac! Y'all love to eat and hump! Vore is a fetish that involves getting swallowed or swallowing someone else! Maybe you're tiny! Maybe they're big! Think about it, hungry one!! **Safeword suggestion:** yuck

GEMINI

You're a natural-born actor, put on a tiny costume and bend over with a theme. Role-playing is a great way to show your partner you take note of the characters they commission hentai of.
Safeword suggestion: bitcoin

CANCER

Look, you're a water sign, piss on your partner. But only if they say yes. **Safeword suggestion:** laundry

LEO

You love to be the center of attention and you hate to do work so let your partner practice shibari on you and wait to get your ass ate. No sweat off your back and everything's about you! What. A. Deal.
Safeword suggestion: money

VIRGO

From each according to their ability, to each according to their need. 69ing is the most socialist way to get down—finally, you can fuck your idealism!!!
Safeword suggestion: commitment

LIBRA

So…….you're perfectly balanced sexually and have solved the internalized objectification we all rely on to get weird. I guess try choking?
Safeword suggestion: red

SCORPIO

I'm so baffled when I meet any Scorpio who's not abundantly wealthy. People will just give you money if you ask. Eugene has a surprisingly active SeekingArrangement, so put your powers to good work there, sugar babe.
Safeword suggestion: scorpion

SAGITTARIUS

This is more of a call-out for my ex-boyfriend who was a fucking furry who made fun of other furries. Rude!! But it is true that all furries are Sagittariuses so you might be one of them! Plus you have to admit fursonas are kinda fun.
Safeword suggestion: France

words **ANNALEE NOCK**

RESPECTRUM

SERIOUSLY

inmate costumes

reading logs

FIFA

queer visibility

trans* folks

real psychics

data mining

bike helmets

the hero of stranger things is a cop

outing famous abusers

spitting in porn

brockhampton

FUCK THAT

MAD RESPECT

thinking ur cool 4 drinking coffee black

the albertsons "oops we baked too much" shelf

ccr

ursula

280 characters

juul party mode

IRIS

not using your turn signal bitch!

shaq's acting career

PETTY

Michael Schill's Misguided Crusade Against Students' Crusade Against "'Fascism'"

words **MILES SHEPARD**

I woke up late on the morning of Monday, October 23rd. I rolled out of bed and slinked down the stairs, standing irresolutely in front of my stove, wondering if I should make coffee or breakfast first (my entire day hinges on how good my egg turns out, but my ability to fry a good egg is directly proportional to the amount of coffee I've consumed: this is my daily internal conflict). I went for breakfast, cracking an egg which immediately slipped underneath the fryer and started burning. My smoke alarms went off in unison, the dog started barking. Not a good omen. I figured that when getting an egg into a frying pan isn't manageable, making coffee is essential. I waited for the water to boil while sitting on my couch, reading the news. Scrolling through The New York Times, I was greeted by a slough of run-of-the-mill Monday morning news: Trump sucks, global warming is going to kill everything, Hillary Clinton emerges from the Appalachian wilderness.Suddenly I was struck by a photo

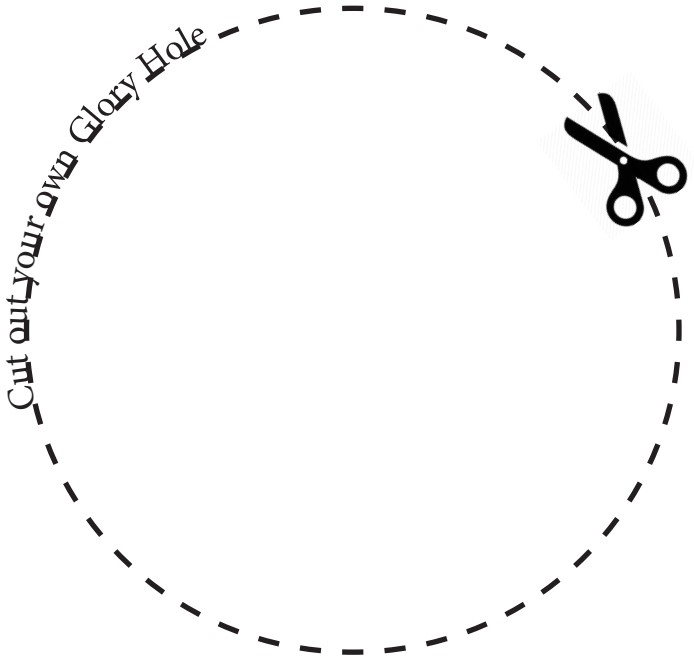
of myself, or rather, the top curl of my hair among a group of sixty demonstrators in the EMU ballroom. The water was close to boiling and I felt the hair on the back of my neck stand up as I read the headline, "The Misguided Student Crusade Against 'Fascism,'" written by Michael Schill, president of the University of Oregon. I knew immediately the crusade on which Schill was smearing: the now infamous "State of Reality Demonstration," where concerned UO students and community members took the stage at his annual "State of the University" address in order to bring his audience (administrators, Board of Trustees members, wealthy patrons of the University) to attention about the actual state of the University. That is to say, the state of students being priced out despite huge donations to the school, the state of endorsing victim-blaming as a viable tactic to prevent sexual assault on campus, and the state of the University administration's lack of response to the drastic increase of white supremacist and neo-Nazi activity on and around campus. With 847 words and a single photo weeks after the fact, Michael Schill brought this action's discourse from the University of Oregon to the world stage.

I think it is important to change this dialogue and show images that were taken by a photographer who did not plan to buy or sell them–to my knowledge these are the only photos fitting into that category

The following week, after being subjected to the scrutiny of every freedom-of-speech addicted neolib commenter on the New York Times, the Division of Student Life sent an email informing me that I may be guilty of breaking the code of student conduct. I could write a book about how farcical this institutional failure at every level has been (I legitimately am half-planning to write this book), but the point of this discussion is not to convince anybody of whether or not we were guilty of disrupting the normal affairs of the University.

After the demonstration I kept a very low profile about the whole affair; I did not speak to media or comment publicly about my involvement, but it apparently didn't do much to keep me from getting in trouble with the school. At this point, I think it is important to change this dialogue and show images that were taken by a photographer who did not plan to buy or sell them--to my knowledge these are the only photos fitting into that category. Initially, I was furious that Michael Schill would use a photo of us in an op-ed for the New York Times--knowingly exposing us to internet trolls of every disgusting variety on an international platform. A friend told me I should not be upset with the exposure because the point of public demonstration is to be seen. I agree, and keeping this in mind, these are the images of the protesters that deserve to be seen.

THE KITSCH ISSUE
THE KITSCH ISSUE
THE KITSCH ISSUE



send inquiries to
OREGONVOICE@GMAIL.COM

Instagram: @INSTOREGONVOICE
Twitter: @OVMAGAZINE

Meetings:
WEDNESDAYS 7PM IN THE ROAR CENTER (GROUND FLOOR OF EMU)

THE OREGON VOICE

NC-17 since 1989

THE KINK ISSUE

volume xxviii issue I